help for all

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by herding_elephants

Summary

Beor finds a black cat and gains a new temporary pet.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Beor loved being outside. And with no neighbors close by, no streets close enough for him to end up on and a pack of dogs on his heels all day they were never too concerned about his whereabouts. Will had made it a habit to glance out the windows to check where Beor was and what he was up to during the day. As long as he could spot at least one dog he felt quite assured that the boy wasn't far.

He never went too far anyway. With a massive back and front yard as well as a garden backing towards the woods everything he needed to entertain himself was close by.

Will was walking into the library to return a book and spotted Beor at the edge of the woods, throwing sticks for the dogs back into their yard as well as between the trees. The dogs fell over each other trying to get to the sticks first and bring it back, slobbering all over them and fighting over them even when one of them had already picked it up.

Beor petted the dogs whenever they came back to him and didn't grow tired of throwing the sticks for them until they were reduced to pieces of the size of matchsticks.

A while later Will sat in the kitchen, watching Hannibal cook and talking about their day – the part that was not meant for Beor's ears at least. Will had already set the table and would call the boy inside in a few minutes to wash his hands before dinner as the front door crashed open.

"Daddy!" Beor sounded so alarmed that Will was on his feet and on his way to the front door within a few steps. He stopped abruptly as he noticed Beor carrying a massive black cat quite haphazardly. It stared at Will with furious yellow eyes while it's hind paws nearly reached down to the floor.

"Daddy, he's hurt! You have to help him!" Beor frantically told him.

Will could not see any obvious injury despite maybe to the cat's ego for being manhandled by a little boy and he had no idea how Beor determined an injury but he swallowed down any comment and stepped up to his son. He crouched down and carefully took the cat out of his arms, trying to be careful about any possible injury.

The second he took the cat from his son's arms it started to come alive and hissed while squirming and winding itself in Will's grip and pawing at him. Will unintentionally loosened his grip over the sudden anger against him and the cat dropped on the floor.

Its second hiss was drowned out by Beor squeaking 'Daddy!' indignantly and scooping the cat back up. It went back to docile and floppy the second Beor grabbed it.

At this moment Hannibal appeared into the door to the kitchen, without doubt to check out why they weren't coming inside and stepped closer as he noticed the cat.

"He's hurt! You have to help him!" Beor now told him, having apparently decided that Will was not the help he needed right now. Hannibal did the same as Will. He reached for the cat

and took it over from Beor. It stayed calm only for a second and then started to behave just like it had done in Will's hands.

Hannibal however clutched tighter around the cat, trying to keep it away from him while not dropping her on the floor.

"You're hurting him!" Beor told him upset and took the cat back, who immediately stopped moving and being angry.

Hannibal and Will looked at each other. They could not determine where the cat was hurt but it seemed wrong not to at least take a look. Hannibal went into the kitchen to put the food in the fridge and Will grabbed one of the smaller dog carriers and put a new blanket in there.

He asked Beor to put the cat in there and carried it out to the car, Beor following him concerned, his eyes only on the carrier.

Hannibal came outside minutes later and they drove to their vet, Will calling ahead to warn somebody. Beor protested loudly when he mentioned the cat being rather aggressive.

At the vets they had to wait for a few minutes which were accompanied by desperate sounding meows and a heated argument over taking the cat out of the carrier with Beor.

They took the cat over to bring her in the back and Will warned them about how the cat had behaved. They seemed to take it seriously at least. Will sat back down and pulled Beor on his lap who squirmed around, anxious about his cat.

It didn't take five minutes for the cat to start howling in peril and Beor trying to get up to save it from whatever torture was bestowed upon it by the vet. Before he could free himself out of Will's grip the cat already shot around the corner and directly to them, jumping into Beor's arms. It did have a pronounced limp and Will realized why Beor had insisted that it was hurt.

The vet followed the cat out, looking slightly roughed up while the cat had started to purr in Beor's arms and licked his cheek while he clutched it against his chest with all his might.

The rest of the examination happened with the cat staying on Beor's lap and while it hissed at the vet several times it didn't do anything else. The vet determined that the limp was an old already healed injury and that there was little they could do about it now and an offer of vaccines and anti-flea treatment was loudly declined by the cat itself.

Back at home Beor dragged the cat all around the house to show it every single room while Will and Hannibal discussed what they should to do with it. They weren't really eager for a new pet that seemed to hate everyone but their son and they were concerned about the cat eventually turning on Beor as well and potentially hurting him.

The problem solved itself after a few days as the cat demanded to be let back out and vanished – causing its temporary owner much heartache and even more tears. Beor looked for the cat everywhere for weeks, calling it, asking the neighbors with no luck. Will tried to

comfort him that the cat had survived before them and would be fine but it only helped so much.

Much to Beor's joy the cat did appear again, months later, strolling up to their back door as if nothing had happened and tolerating days of getting petted, dragged around the house and nearly smothered in blankets before it vanished again. This time Beor took it a lot better and seemed to accept that the cat wasn't made to always be with them. Which didn't stop him from annoying his parents to always have cat food at home – just in case.

End Notes

Very late but the first entry for Hannictober 2023 - Black Cat!

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